

THE DOLT

By ARLINE A. MACDONALD.

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If Richard Doe had not been a poor dolt he would never have been a good soldier.

At least, so Richard himself expressed it in a letter that Abe Walton, the town clerk, received back home from "somewhere in France."

The young soldier had been the recipient of a number of congratulatory missives consequent upon a published account of his acts of heroism and daring on the western front. And the youth had read them modestly and had penned a solitary reply to Abe Walton at Kensington, knowing that Abe would take it in turn to the respective villagers. And Abe did.

Now young Doe had never borne an enviable name in the village. Tall and handsome, he regularly joined the "hangers on" about the general store, working at nothing, and giving but little promise of ever doing anything else. He made a fit subject for the gossip, of which there were many. Nevertheless, Richard Doe was always conscious that he possessed certain latent qualities which ought to be made patent. They needed only a time of trial to bring out their grit and pliability. And the time came, and Ruth Walton was responsible for it.

Ruth was the only daughter of Abe Walton, and a teacher in the village school. She was a tall, slender girl, scarcely out of her teens, whose face was one of those quite as striking for its character as its beauty.

She admired Doe, liked him for his sympathetic understanding of his fellow human beings, his sense of the dramatic, his untrammeled flow of words, which were the best perquisites of his friendship for a girl in her profession. Once he had reproved her for overland and had brusquely turned from Tom Whitney's proffered cigarette case. It was at the supper table that Ruth had said:

"Dick lacks the 'pep' that characterizes the modern young man. He does not smoke, he does not dance. He's too handsome to work. He's a dolt."

One day, in desperation, Doe decided that he would force the attention of the village upon his talent. He whispered something into the ear of Abe Walton, who had already given the youth a big corner in his own heart. The next morning he dropped quietly out of the village and the tongues of the gossips wagged furiously. Mrs. H—, who never meddled with anyone's affairs, reminded the neighbors that a year before she had said that Richard Doe would disappear some day and would turn up later in a penitentiary. "As for Abe Walton," she declared, "he has yielded his energy to the hypnotic influence of that loafer scoundrel."

It was true that Doe's departure gave Abe more energy. He quickly got a contract from a New York journalist for the erection of a pretentious stucco mansion on the knoll adjoining his own homestead.

Time passed quickly at Kensington. June came and the robins piped their sweetest lay, and the odor of the rose and the honeysuckle stole through screened chamber windows. At the close of a balmy afternoon Ruth Walton sat alone in her own boudoir reading a war story which appeared in the newspaper.

Suddenly she remembered that there was a dance that evening in the pavilion. She arose, rubbed her face, which seemed drawn and bloodless,

and hastened below to prepare the evening meal.

The dance had never seemed so pretty and overcrowded. Nell Whitney, in a flurry of excitement, made some complimentary remarks about Ruth's dress.

"Richard Doe is here," she said. "And oh, isn't it dreadful, Ruth," she gasped, "his left arm has been shot off!"

This was too much for Ruth. In the stupor which almost held her brain in thrall she heard a faint "Where's Ruth?" as she tottered to the road that led to Kensington knoll.

Her hands wavered; her knees shook at footsteps she knew only too well.

"Go! Go back, Richard!" she screamed. "Forgive me. I can't bear to look at you. Your arm!" she gasped.

"It isn't as bad as you think, Ruth," catching her arm and trying to comfort her. "See!"

Deliberately he unbuttoned his frock, disclosing a whole arm suspended in a sling.

"Force of habit," he laughed as he buttoned his coat this time with the arm outside. His joviality lapsed to a steady calm. A thrill of pleasure surmounted her being as once again he took her hand. A fresh June zephyr swept the fragrant pine across the knoll, where, sitting against the open sky, a stately mansion bathed in a flood of silvery moonlight.

"It's yours, Ruth. I did it for you," he whispered.

A solitary tear of joy stood on the cheek of the girl, who hid her face on the breast of the man who some months before she had consigned to the scrap heap of character failures.

Gently he lifted her head, pushed back her loose tresses from her face and reverently kissed her.

Somewhere among the deeper shadows of a lilac bush a pair of eyes, overstrained and anxious, lit up with childish delight, and a ruddy face broadened into one protracted smile.

"Looks like there'll be a wonderful old time in Kensington some day," said Abe Walton.

Wage War on Dirt.

Dirt is sin, and it takes a bacteriologist to tell the difference between clean dirt and dirty dirt. So we can afford to take no chances. Unless we cultivate cleanliness of mind and body, cleanliness of home, of city and country, cellar and garret, wharf and shop, markets and roads, of the air we breathe, of the milk and water we drink, and the food we eat, all the serums and regulations of preventive medicine will not save us. For health, like morality, is more than an individual matter; it is a community affair.

Have Patience in Judgment.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort-soever they be; for that theyself also have many failings, which must be borne with by others. If thou canst not make such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?—Thomas a Kempis.

Adding to Wealth and Happiness.

Public parks are democracy's playgrounds. The comforting beauties of such places are free to all. Public parks are business assets. They strengthen civic pride among actual citizens. They convert prospective citizens into actual ones.—Dallas Times-Herald.

Makes No Progress.

"De man dat don't trust nobody," said Uncle Eben, "is like a man who won't get on board de cars for fear de engine will blow up. He don't git nowhere."

Romance—Bah!

By GERALD ST. ETIENNE

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Caroline Kelso could not take her eyes off the man across the table. To her he was a curiosity, and, as he munched away at a piece of toast in one hand and stirred his cup of coffee furiously with a spoon in the other hand, with his eyes glued on the newspaper before him, she wondered if he was human. It had been the same every morning since the first morning at that boarding house, two weeks before. The landlady had not thought it necessary to make them acquainted.

Never once had he raised his eyes at Caroline's entrance to the dining room; never once had he offered to pass her anything at the table. She had only seen him eat, stir coffee, read a paper, jump from the table and leave the room. She had not heard him speak. He was not even decently polite. He was good-looking and seemed well bred, too. What a shame for such good qualities to be wasted on a bore like him, Caroline thought.

"Romance—bah!" The words came out of the man's lips in a disgusted exclamation. Caroline almost called out in fright. He had spoken—the shock was almost too much. But that was all he said.

When he turned the paper over she caught sight of what had caused the outburst. It was an advertisement for a film called "Romance."

As Caroline devoted herself to her grapefruit, she thought it over. This man was a woman-hater, that was apparent. To him there was no romance—he seemed to hate the word. It seemed to her that men like that should not be allowed at large. All through her breakfast Caroline's indignation grew. When he got up and went out in the same old way, she frowned after him.



He Was Not Even Decently Polite.

She was still frowning when he returned. Another variation in his daily program. If there were any more shocks her breakfast would be spoiled, she felt sure.

But that was nothing to the next shock. The man sat down in a chair in the corner and grunted.

"Are you ill?" she cried, jumping hurriedly to her feet, sympathy overcoming all other feelings.

"No," he said gruffly, "but one of the landlady's youngsters is, and we are under quarantine."

"Oh," Caroline exclaimed. "What shall we do?"

"Stay here for ten days at the very least. Good heavens, and all the work that is piling up for me at the office!"

"And my work, too!" she almost sobbed. "Are you sure we are under quarantine?"

Before he could answer the landlady herself appeared and tearfully confirmed the news. Her youngest child had contracted smallpox and had been removed to an isolation hospital. It would be necessary for the household to remain under quarantine until the house had been thoroughly fumigated, and even then they might be held for ten days until the authorities were sure no more cases would develop.

The quarantine was broken the breaker would be put under immediate arrest. There was nothing to it but to make the best of it. The boarding house was situated in the suburbs. Caroline had chosen it to be away from the noise of the city so that she could do some writing at night. There was a large garden, inclosed by a fence, that had always appeared inviting. It was beautiful summer weather, so she could spend her time reading in the hammock under the shade trees. After notifying the city editor of the Evening Mail why she would not be able to report for work for a few days, Caroline sought out the hammock. The woman-later had arrived there first. She coughed to attract his attention, but was really surprised when he took the hint and offered her the hammock. After all, he did remember some of the laws of sociability.

Suddenly Caroline threw aside her book. A terrible thought had come to her. The house was to be fumigated. All papers would probably be destroyed, and there were two manuscripts of stories in her room. She would have to get them out of the way somehow. A spade, standing against the house, gave her an idea. She hurried to her room and returned with the manuscripts wrapped in a newspaper, and

proceeded to bury them. When the work was done she looked up to see the man looking at her. He pretended he had not seen, but she knew he had. With a toss of her head she went back to the hammock.

"Miss Kelso, do you think I have smallpox?" Somehow he had found out her name. Caroline looked up from her book to find him bending over her.

"Goodness, no! Why?" she cried. He pointed to a spot on his forehead. Caroline gave a sigh of relief as she looked more closely at it. "It is only a freckle," she laughed. "You have two or three of them."

That started a conversation. It began with freckles and ended with books and flowers. His name was Mr. Latimer, she learned, but by the second day they were calling each other Harry and Caroline. How she ever could have thought he was a bore was more than she knew. He was really delightful. When the quarantine was lifted at the end of ten days they were genuinely sorry.

They both went back to the grind, meeting only at breakfast, but they were different breakfasts after that, and when they caught up with their work they were going to become better friends, they assured each other.

One morning the mail brought Caroline a big surprise—a check from the publisher of a magazine. She had not remembered sending any stories to him. The magazine was published in the city, too. What stories had she sent? Then she remembered burying the two in the garden. They were probably destroyed by that time. A look at the letter that accompanied them startled her. The check was for those two stories. Then it occurred to her that Harry Latimer had no doubt sent them in and forgotten to erase her name from them and the publisher had given her credit for them. He had stolen them. He who hated romance could not write romantic stories, so he had taken hers. The wretch! She would call on the editor that very day to learn how he had got them.

When Caroline was ushered into the editorial room of the magazine she gasped. There sat Harry at the desk. He knew why she had come.

"Sit down," he smiled. "Is it about your stories?"

"Yes," she said meekly. "Where did you get them?"

"The salesman gave them to me," he laughed. "I am mighty grateful to him for them, for they are very good."

"They are not," she said seriously. "They are wretched. You bought them just to please me."

"No, I didn't. I'm not a bit romantic. Business comes first with me. Your stories are going to prove a buried treasure in more ways than one."

Caroline tried to persuade him that the stories were poor ones, but he would not listen to her.

"Won't you come to dinner with me?" he asked as she was going. "I have something I want to say to you."

"What?" she asked, half dismayed. "Can't you guess?" he smiled.

"But you're not a bit romantic," she blushed. "I shall never forget the disgust in your tone one morning when you said 'Romance—bah!' You used to be a terrible bore at breakfast."

"I have been overworked here, but I am going to have a respite," he said. "How could you expect me to like romance when I read nothing but romantic manuscripts day in and day out. I hate the very word."

"When the right girl comes along you will be as romantic as anyone," she prophesied.

"But you are the right girl—the only girl for me," he blurted. "Life without you will be nothing. You are the girl I have been dreaming about and waiting for for years. My ambitions have all been for you. My hard work has all been for you, and for the little home we should have when I found you. Just think how happy we could be—just you and I in a garden like the one which we were in those ten wonderful days. Please do not let a false idea of romance come between us. I love you—surely you will believe me?" Harry had risen and was talking right into Caroline's eyes. Before she knew it his arm was about her and she did not draw her lips away as his came closer.

"Dear heart," he said pleadingly, "perhaps I can learn to be romantic."

There was a merry twinkle in Caroline's eyes as she exclaimed: "Romantic! Well, perhaps!" That seemed to be all the answer Harry needed; her smile made up for words.

Electrician's Pliers.

A new type of pliers for the use of electricians has the handles covered with insulating compound of such a character that it is semi-soft, not hard. Therefore the insulation will not crack or break when dropped or struck on a hard surface. It is claimed that the bond uniting the rubber compound to metal makes a permanent attachment, and is in no way to be confused with the present slip-on handles of semi-soft rubber and the methods of attachment to the handles of insulated pliers which are neither practical nor can withstand a test for dielectric strength after hard impact. Every pair of the new pliers is subjected to a 10,000-volt insulation test.

Not Sufficiently Explicit.

The witness had been turned over for cross-examination. "Now, then, Mr. Smith," began the legal light, "what did I understand you to say that your occupation is?" "I am a piano finisher," answered the witness. "Yes, I see," persisted the lawyer; "but you must be more definite; do you polish them or do you move them?"

HOME TOWN HELPS

BUILD WITH EYE TO BEAUTY

Duty of All Who Plan Home to Consider Well How Structure Will Appear to Beholder.

The beauty that may be had out of the common things of the earth is well illustrated by the homes that one sometimes sees, a beauty that is all the more emphasized by the contrast in the hideous result of the use of the same common things by others.

You will see in the country places, as you go about, how one man will take the things that are to his hand and build from them a beautiful house. He took the rock and stone, the wood, the sand and the earth that were under his feet. Out of these he framed a rooftop that is a kindness to the eye.

Another man with the same materials threw them together crudely, making a thing that had to go by the name of a house, but which offends the eye that beholds it. The one house cost no more in either labor or money than the other, yet the results are as different as day and night.

The most striking, as well as the most historic instance of what can be done with the common things of the earth, is furnished by the old Franciscan missions of California. They are architectural gems. Yet all that the padres had for material was what they found at hand and under their feet. They had only Indian labor to call on.

While we are at it we might as well put a touch of beauty to what we do, whether it be that we are building a house or a chicken coop.

HAVE WINTER "WAR GARDEN"

Astonishing Variety of Vegetables May Be Grown in a Few Windows and Porch Boxes.

Window boxes and porch boxes that have done an artistic and highly appreciated service for the home now have an opportunity to serve garnishes and salad for the table if only you call them to serve. The sunny kitchen window or space by the attic that is glorified by sun and air will be the very place for boxes planted to lettuce or parsley. Select a quick-growing variety, plant shallow as in cold frames cover with glass the first two weeks if convenient (they grow nicely with out that coaxing, however), and you will have lettuce very soon. Young onions may be grown in the same way. In England the dandelion is planted in flower pots and window boxes and used all winter as a salad. This was a government recommendation. Fresh vegetables and salads are great disease preventives. A letter from London says: "For those who like bleached salad dandelions grown in the cellar and flower pots are as white and tender as endive and cost nothing at all. People have got to have some sort of fresh food. The scarcity of vegetables and the prohibitive prices kept many people from eating them last winter, and children especially suffered. The government doctors say that those mysterious vitamins are to be found in greater abundance in a dish of salad than anywhere else."

Decreed War on Weeds.

For the best example of destroying the enemy, root and branch, we have to turn to Ferndale, says the Detroit News. Weeds, say the authorities in that town, destroy war gardens and give hay fever to war workers. Rain-soaked weeds, overhanging the long cement walks stretching through vacant subdivisions, cause colds and illness among the children and families of war workers. Therefore, Ferndale declared a weedless day, on which these "allies of the Kaiser" were struck down.

Director of Town Planning.

With the appointment of M. B. Weeks, director of surveys of the provincial government of Saskatchewan, as director of town planning and rural development, the new town planning act will be more available, and more attention will be paid in the future to assure that new town sites are laid out from their inception on lines which will lend themselves to modern conditions of town building. An important provision is the prohibition of 25-foot lots either for business or residential purposes.

Chronometer and Longitude.

Longitude baffled all navigators until the chronometer came into use, in 1735. The ancients and later navigators, including all the great discoverers, could find their latitude by observations of the sun's height, but they could determine their longitude only by "dead reckoning," or estimating their ship's progress from day to day. This system was uncertain and caused a great many shipwrecks.

A Puzzler.

A man walking along a country road came to a small pond. On a tree at the water's edge was nailed a board bearing the following badly scrawled warning: "Don't Fish Here." The man pondered over it for a moment or two, then resumed his journey with the comment: "Blamed if I know."—Everybody's Magazine.

Mrs. Chas. Peden Gains 27 Pounds

Twice Examined and Each Time Told Operation Was Only Hope.

"I have just finished my third bottle of Tanlac and have gained twenty-seven pounds," was the truly remarkable statement made by Mrs. Chas. Peden, residing at 550 Mill street, Huntsville, Ala. Mrs. Peden is one of the best known and highly respected women of that thriving little city, where she has made her home for a number of years.

"When I commenced taking the medicine," she continued, "I only weighed ninety-eight pounds, now I weigh 125 pounds and never felt better in my life. For years I have suffered with a bad form of stomach trouble, constipation and pains in my side and back. At times the pains took the form of torture and I was twice examined and each time I was told that I had appendicitis and that an operation would be my only hope. I had fallen off until I only weighed ninety-eight pounds and was so weak I could hardly get around."

"I had no appetite at all scarcely; and what little I did eat would cause gas to form in my stomach, which gave me palpitation of the heart, sick headaches and a dizzy feeling about the head. When the spells came on I would get awfully nervous, I worried about myself until I could rest and sleep but little."

"I had fallen off until I was almost skin and bones and my strength and energy were slowly leaving me. I had a dread of the future and could see nothing but the operating table and the knife. I had a perfect horror of an operation, but I had made up my mind that it was either life or death and prepared to submit to it. I had made all preparations for the operation and called on my sister to tell her good-bye, as I did not know whether I would live to see her again or not. My sister begged and plead with me not to allow them to cut on me and told me to wait and try a good tonic for a while. The next day as I returned from the consultation room I thought of what she said and as I had heard so much about Tanlac I decided to try it as a last resort and stopped at Gilbert's Drug Store and bought a bottle. Of course I had lost heart and had no faith in the medicine, but to please my sister I made up my mind to take it and oh, what a happy day that was for me!"

"I never returned for the operation, but just kept taking the Tanlac. Right from the start I began to feel better. The medicine seemed to take hold right at once. It had a soothing effect and in a few days I felt no pain at all. I was no longer over the wonderful improvement in my condition that I sent for my neighbors to tell them how much better I felt. I sent and got another bottle of Tanlac, and have just finished taking my third bottle and feel like I have been made all over again into a new woman."

"As I have said before, I now weigh 125 pounds, and my improvement has been so rapid that none of my clothes are big enough for me. I will have to make them all over again. I now have a ravenous appetite and my husband says I am simply eating him out of house and home. I have even gone back to my coffee which I was told not to touch. These terrible pains in my back and head have all disappeared and I sleep like a child. I am no longer nervous and when I get up mornings I feel refreshed, cheerful and bright. I am now able to attend to my household duties and I feel as if I had started life all over again. My husband is highly delighted, and my recovery is the talk of the neighborhood. I do nothing but rejoice all day long over the recovery of my health and praise Tanlac to everybody."

"I feel so grateful for my escape from the operating table and the knife that you may publish what I have said; you may, if you will, tell other women suffering as I was to come and see me and I will be glad to tell them all about my cure."

Tanlac is sold in Farmington by the City Drug Store, in Hazleby by C. A. Robertson, Elvins by Reece Drug Co., and in Bonne Terre by the Bonne Terre Pharmacy Co. (adv.)

AN AID IN FARM ACCOUNTING

A small record book specially designed to receive entries of farm transactions is a great aid, and almost the sole need, in keeping account of the farm business. Such a record is needed if the farmer is to comply with the income tax laws intelligently; it is needed if he is studying his farm business with a view to making more money.

This record of the farm business demanded by good farm management need not be complicated. The more simple the accounting system, the easier it is to keep. A book designed for the purpose may be obtained from the county agricultural agent, or from the Farm Management Office, University of Missouri College of Agriculture, Columbia. A suitable book may be had at the local bank. Ask for the book put out by the State Bankers' Association; it will be better than other forms the bank might have for distribution, and will cost nothing.

Every farmer should feel free to ask his county agent for any assistance needed in taking an inventory or in keeping the farm record throughout the year.

POPLAR BLUFF DRY AND PROBABLY BUTLER COUNTY

Poplar Bluff, Mo., Jan. 8.—The city of Poplar Bluff voted for local option today by a majority of 225, every ward but one favoring the dries.

Ten precincts out of twenty-three in Butler county, which also voted on local option, give a dry lead of 541. The county appears certain to go dry.

FOR TRUSSES

Supporters, Belts, Shoulder Braces, Crutches, Crutch Tips, see E. M. Laakman, Druggist.

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